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The Jackal's bite is rabid

Trail of blood winds through Europe & Mideast

By TONY BURTON

On a chill December evening, the doorbell rang at the London mansion of department store tycoon Joseph Sieff. The butler opened the door and found a hard-eyed young man on the step. The visitor had a 9 mm. Browning automatic pistol that he pointed at the butler.

His requirement was very simple. He wanted to see Sieff, 68, a fervent Zionist, who was upstairs dressing for dinner.

Stiff with fear, the butler led the gunman to his master's room. Sieff responded to the knock on his door by casually opening it and returning to his toilet.

The young man pushed forward and pointed his weapon at Sieff's face from a distance of no more than a foot. A bullet smashed into Sieff's head and, as he collapsed in a gush of blood, the young man turned and ran into the streets of Regents Park.

THIS WAS CARLOS the Jackal, who would become the most notorious terrorist in the world at a time when terror was a growth industry—an instrument of policy for governments of the left and the right.

Now the intelligence community in Washington worries that it is Carlos who has been given the task of leading a hit team dispatched by Libyan leader Moammar Khadafy to strike at President Reagan and government officials here. They have cause for concern.



Carlos—the most notorious terrorist in the world.

In a decade of violence and sudden death, Carlos has spread terror across frontiers from Europe to the Middle East and back again, along the way earning the title of the most dangerous man in the world.

ALTHOUGH SIEFF incredibly survived the 1973 attack, Carlos' trail of machine-gun fire and rocket and bomb bursts is littered with victims such as the Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics, the dead and wounded in the Tel Aviv airport massacre, the kidnaped OPEC minis-

ters in Vienna, at least four killed in Paris, including two French intelligence officers, and the assassinated Uruguayan military attache Ramon Trabal.

It could be that the Jackal has barely started. He is only 32.

In the world of espionage and terrorism, nothing is what it seems, but this is known about Carlos:

His real name, the one that never appears on his multitude of false passports, is Ilich Ramirez Sanchez. He is the son of a wealthy Venezuelan lawyer, a Marxist who says he approves of his son's deadly work.

AFTER THAT, the history of Carlos becomes as shadowy as myth. He learned the murderous arts of his chosen profession in one of Fidel Castro's guerrilla camps or, take your pick, with the Palestinian terrorists in Jordan.

Chubby, suave, at home on the diplomatic cocktail circuit, charming at will, he uses women as he uses guns and bombs and treachery. He maintains mistresses in cities across the face of Europe because he likes women and because they give him good cover.

He has other more powerful friends—like Khadafy who provides a haven in a safe house in Tripoli guarded by Libyan security forces. Or so they say.

With Carlos the Jackal, you can be sure of nothing except that where he goes, the coffin makers grow rich.